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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

NOVEMBER 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Scallywag Boys

THERE was great excitement in the Rodney household when their cousins, the Templetons, came over from Australia and paid a visit to Somerset. Uncle Claude and Aunt Julia indeed only spent a brief week at the Rectory, then passed on to stay with other relations, but they left Mark and David behind them for a month.

"And I do hope they'll give no trouble," said Aunt Julia. "They're good boys, and they've promised to behave quietly, and to wipe their boots, and not to have pillow fights in their bedroom, and to wash their hands for meals, and to go to bed directly they're told. Haven't you, chicks?"

"It's so awfully kind of you to keep our two young scallywags," added Uncle Claude. "I really don't know what we should have done with them otherwise. We couldn't take them to my aunts, and they'd have been miserable in town while their mother went shopping. This is just an ideal holiday for them. Isn't it, youngsters?"

And to both of their parents' questions Mark and David answered "Yes."

* * * * *

Mrs. Rodney was always busy in the parish and with household affairs, in both of which her elder girl Dorothea helped her. So, as long as Mark, David, and her own children, Winnifrede and Cedric, gave no active trouble they might do as they liked. They found plenty of amusement. There was a big garden at the Rectory, and an orchard, and a paddock, and a pond, and stables, and a barn, and heaps of other places in which to play. It was lovely August weather, so they were out of doors the whole day long, from before breakfast till Dorothea came to tell them it was bedtime, and to bear them away by turns to the bathroom.

At the bottom of the paddock ran a shallow brook, and at the farther side of the brook lay a most interesting-looking wood. The boys were bent on exploring here. It belonged to the Squire, and there was a paling round it, but in one place the boards had fallen away, leaving a gap through which it would be quite possible to creep.

"We'll be a party of pioneers," decided Mark, who was the recognized leader of all expeditions. "We'll

take an axe with us, and a coil of rope, and anything else that's likely to come in handy. We'll have some provisions, too—pioneers always take provisions."

"Shall I get my bow and arrows?" asked David.

"Just as well," replied Mark. "You never know what you may meet in a wood. Win, pick some gooseberries—that's a cherub; and, Ced, ask Jessie for the clothes' line, and tell her we want an extra big lunch to-day—two biscuits go no way when a fellow's hungry."

Half an hour later the expedition started, armed with dahlia sticks as weapons of defence, and provisioned with slabs of thick bread and butter and a basket full of ripe gooseberries. First of all they waded the brook, which turned out to be deeper and more slippery than it looked; then they sat on the bank and put on their shoes again; then they all squeezed, one after another, through the gap in the paling, dropped into a bed of bracken fern, and found themselves in the wood.

The children were so delighted that they ran here, there, and everywhere, losing each other and cuckooing till they met again, scrambling over rocks and jumping over fallen tree trunks, and picking up fir cones and pelting one another.

Presently they reached a clearing where some saplings had been felled. The foresters had cut these into logs about five feet in length, and had placed them in stacks ready to cart away. Mark looked at them carefully, then he had a grand idea.

"We'll take some of them and build a log cabin: it'll be our own house, and we can come here whenever we like," he suggested.

"Oh, prime!" agreed David. "What shall we call it?"

"Sherwood Manor. This shall be Sherwood Forest, and we'll be the outlaws. Bags me 'Robin Hood.'"

"And bags me 'Little John,' then!"

"And what am I to be?" urged Winnifrede anxiously.

"Why, 'Maid Marian,' of course, and Cedric can be 'Will Scarlet.' We can pretend the rest of the band are off hunting."

They wanted to set to work at once to build the house. None of them except Mark had any idea how to begin, so he was architect, and showed them what to do. First he chose a place where three tree trunks growing close together made an angle, then

between the trunks they piled logs for walls. Some of the longest logs were placed across for a roof, and a quantity of ferns was laid on as a thatch.

The cabin was very small and low, only just big enough for four children to sit inside, but they were delighted with it. They came back next day to finish it. They picked moss from down by the stream and stuffed it into the crannies of the logs, and they put a piece of wood for a table, and stones for seats.

"It's to be a dead secret, mind!" said Mark.



The very next morning Mr. and Mrs. Rodney went away for a much-needed holiday, leaving the children in charge of Dorothea and Jessie the maid. Jessie and Dorothea were busy preserving plums and raspberries, so neither of them had much time to devote to looking after Mark, David, Cedric, and Winnifrede. The Robin Hood band was only too glad not to be looked after. They spent most of their time in the wood.

Then Winnifrede made a sensible suggestion.

"Let's bring our tea out here, and a kettle, and light a fire. Hands up for votes."

Three boy hands went up immediately, and the matter was carried. The outlaws returned to the house to prospect for provisions. Jessie and Dorothea consented quite readily to the children taking their tea into the paddock.

Then the outlaws adjourned with Winnifrede to the pantry, put a liberal interpretation on Dorothea's permission to help themselves to scones, chose a pot of strawberry jam, packed a basket full of crockery, and poured some milk into a can. Then they started in a joyous procession. Mark carried the heavy basket, and Winnifrede—because she was the most careful—the milk-can. David swung the kettle, and Cedric hugged the pot of strawberry jam. They got all their booty successfully over the brook without any mishaps. Then they filled the kettle with water, and Mark handed it very cautiously and steadily through the gap in the palings to David.

"Now we've got to bustle round and get sticks for our fire," chuckled Mark.

His experiences in the Australian bush had taught him how to build a camp fire. He chose a spot carefully, where the wind would not blow the flame on to the bushes, or the smoke into the shanty. He piled up fuel and dried leaves in quite a scientific fashion. He fixed some stout sticks as a tripod and hung the kettle on them. Then he took the matches from his pocket and struck a light. The dried leaves caught directly, and soon a brisk fire was burning and sending a column of white smoke into the air. The flame, leaping up and devouring the sticks, seemed like a living thing. Winnifrede threw her pine cones one by one into the blaze, as if she were offering a sacrifice! The fragrant aromatic scent of the burning wood and cones was delicious.

The kettle was already beginning to make fizzing noises. In a few moments it would boil, and they could have their tea. An old proverb declares, however, that there is "many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." Mark had just successfully removed the kettle, and was going to pour the water into the teapot which Winnifrede held for him, when he suddenly stopped and popped the kettle down. Above the nut bushes he had seen the angry face of the crusty old Squire.

"I'll not have you here!" he raged. "I'll teach you to use my wood as a recreation ground! Picnicking here! The impudence! What's this? Well, I call this the limit!" and, catching sight of the little shanty, the angry Squire, in a burst of passion, knocked the roof off it and sent its walls flying.

At witnessing the ruin of dear Sherwood Manor

Winnifrede burst into tears. Mr. Crompton looked at her sourly.

"Stop crying and pack up those tea-things," he commanded. "Clergymen's children ought to know better than to trespass in my woods. I shall complain to your father when he returns."

Very crestfallen, the Robin Hood band stowed their feast inside their basket and made their exit from Sherwood Forest, followed by the grumpy old gentleman, who escorted them as far as the hole in the palings, and watched them cross the stream.

"Mind I have no more trouble with you now!" he called after them.

"He's a coward," murmured David, "to frighten a little girl. I wish I was big enough to fight him."

"We'll pay him out somehow!" raged Mark.

* * * * *

When the children went into the paddock next morning they found the hole in the palings had been boarded up and some barbed wire placed along the top of the fence, and a trespass notice nailed to a tree. Mark gazed across the stream scornfully.

"The old buffer needn't have taken all that trouble," he grunted. "Who's going into his wood? If I wanted to, *that* wouldn't keep me out. I can't understand this English fuss about trespassing. We went where we liked in Australia."

"I call it rotten," agreed David.

The boys could not forgive Mr. Crompton for knocking down Sherwood Manor, frightening Winnifrede, and spoiling their tea-party. They felt they owed him a grudge.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mark. "Let's get up ever so early, before anybody's about, and take a walk round his garden. It would be priceless to think we were toddling round his property while he was snoring in bed. Are you game, old chap?"

"Rather!" agreed David gleefully.

The two young scallywags decided not to tell even Winnifrede and Cedric of their plan. It would be time enough to let them know about it afterwards.

They got up next morning when it was still so dark they could scarcely see objects across the room, and had to grope for their clothes. They stole softly downstairs and let themselves out by the window.

They felt like outlaws stealing from the forest in the grey dawn to do some deed of daring. They both chuckled when they thought of Mr. Crompton sleeping on unconscious of their trespassing.

"That's his window," whispered Mark.

"How d'you know?" replied David.

"I asked Winnifrede which was his bedroom, and she said the one to the right over the door. Wouldn't he just be raggy if he knew we were here?"

"Baity wouldn't be the word. I say, what's that?"

For answer Mark drew his brother swiftly into the shelter of a bush. Somebody besides themselves was up and about the place, and footsteps were coming in their direction. They were stealthy footsteps, that trod with the minimum of sound. Flattening themselves into the foliage of an ornamental shrub, the boys watched two dark figures pass by. The men carried a ladder between them, and they walked along the grass and turned the corner of the house. What could they be doing? It was surely



"Picnicking here!
The impudence!"

too early for window-cleaning operations, and no plumbers or builders would start repairs before dawn.

"Let's see what they're up to," breathed Mark.

Whatever the men were doing, they set to work noiselessly. The boys, peeping from the shadow of a rose pergola, watched them rear the ladder against the wall, mount it, and creep through an open window. Then the truth burst upon Mark and David: *these men were burglars forcing an entrance into the Hall.*

The lads were aghast. It is one thing to play outlaws and come trespassing just for fun, but quite another to find professional thieves at work. Though they might not love the Squire, they could not allow

his property to be robbed. Something must be done; yet what were two little boys of nine and ten against two burglars? Mark, as usual, had the idea.

"We must take away the ladder," he whispered.

Venturing cautiously from the shelter of the pergola, they managed to lift the ladder down very quietly, and, carrying it round to the front of the house, to tilt it against the Squire's window sill. The thieves, no doubt, were busy within, and, fortunately, had left no scout on guard below. Mr. Crompton's window was open top and bottom, so it was not at all a difficult thing for Mark to scale the ladder and enter his bedroom. The Squire, waking in the grey dawn, heard a thud and saw a little figure running across the floor—a figure with rather a white, scared face, and a catch in the voice that gasped,—

"Oh, get up, please! It's burglars!"

Whatever his faults, Mr. Crompton was no coward. In a few rapid words he questioned Mark; then telling him to stay in the bedroom, he took a revolver from a drawer and went to call the butler. Mark whistled softly for David to join him, and together the boys waited for what to them seemed an eternity.

At last two shots rang out through the silent house, and a minute later came the sound of quick footsteps. The boys tore to the window just in time to see two pairs of heels vanishing down the drive. What had happened to Mr. Crompton? They hoped he was not killed. They opened the bedroom door and peeped over the banisters of the great staircase. Much to their relief, they saw the Squire's bald head down below in the hall, together with the grey locks of old Jones the butler. They were bending together over a pile of silver and other valuables.

"Come along!" Mr. Crompton called to the boys; "come and see what those rascals were going to carry off. Only wish they hadn't got clear away. I'd cheerfully have given a thousand pounds to land them both in jail. You little chaps have done good business this morning. What made you turn up here at the critical moment?"

Mark looked at David, and David turned red and looked at Mark. They both thought of their father's motto: "When in doubt tell the truth;" so, as Mark was always spokesman for the two, he blurted out,—

"We'd come to look round your garden. Not to do any harm, you know, but just to rag you a little because you turned us out of the wood, and knocked down our house, and frightened Winnifrede. Then we saw the men go up the ladder and get in at the window, so, of course, we took the ladder away and came to call you."

The Squire's keen blue eyes were fixed upon Mark with an inscrutable expression.

"Of course," he replied, "you couldn't have just run away, could you?"

"Why, *no*!" said Mark, much surprised.

* * * * *

Next day a note arrived at the Rectory requesting the pleasure of the company of Miss Dorothea, Miss Winnifrede, and Master Cedric Rodney, and Masters Mark and David Templeton, to tea at the Hall at four o'clock. The children gasped. They would all have preferred to stay at home, but dared not refuse the invitation; so Dorothea wrote a neat letter of acceptance, and put out the family's Sunday clothes.

Mr. Crompton met them at the front door.

"It's too hot to have tea indoors to-day," he said, when he had greeted his guests. "Suppose we have it out in the grounds. I'll lead the way."

Following their host the children crossed the lawn, walked through the rosery and the kitchen garden, across a meadow, and over a bridge to a gate that opened into a wood. They had not gone five yards before they knew it was *their* wood.

Mr. Crompton walked on with a rather pleased air, whistling a tune to himself, till they came to the clearing where the trees had been cut down; then he turned round to watch the children's faces. They certainly showed surprise. Close to where Sherwood Manor had been, stood a most beautiful log hut thatched with heather. It was far larger than their old shanty, and it held some benches, and a table set out with tea things. There were bread and butter, and jam and honey, and a plum cake; and flowers were arranged between the plates. Round the corner was a fire, and Jones the old butler was busy superintending the boiling of the kettle. He looked at the children with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well! How do you like my 'little grey home in the West'?" asked Mr. Crompton.

"It's topping!" murmured the boys.

"Nice place for me to come and smoke when I get tired of the garden, isn't it? That kettle's boiling now, so come inside and we'll have tea."

At first the children were painfully shy; but after a while they overcame their awe of Mr. Crompton and began to talk, and the party ended quite merrily.

"Now I think of it," said the Squire when tea was over, "this wood is rather a long way from the lawn, and I much prefer to smoke in my own smoke-room or the garden, so I'll give this cabin over to you for the holidays. You may use the wood when you please, so long as you do no damage to the trees. Tell your father when he comes home that I'm leaving up the trespass notice, but the boards are loose in the paling, and if you want to crawl through any time into the wood—well, I shan't prosecute you!"

Toys made from Scraps

PART II.—HOW TO UTILIZE CARDBOARD BOXES

LAST month you read of the way to make clowns from gas-mantle boxes. This month I want to tell you how to use up cardboard shoe boxes, chocolate boxes, and, in fact, any sort of *white* cardboard box.



FIG. 1.

You will need, in addition to the cardboard, a wooden button mould, a tiny piece of cotton wool, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of red satin ribbon ($1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches wide), and a strip of flannel 7 inches long, and the same width as the ribbon.



FIG. 2.

BUTTON MOULD.

The face should be drawn in such a way that the hole in the mould helps to form the nose.



FIG. 3.—FACE DRAWN ON THE BUTTON MOULD, AND COTTON-WOOL HAIR AND BEARD FIXED.

Cut off about 2 inches of the ribbon, and seam it together to form a cap, as shown in Fig. 1; and on the upper half of the button mould (Fig. 2) draw a face; gum a pointed piece of cotton wool on the under half to form a beard (Fig. 3), and cover the head with the little cap.

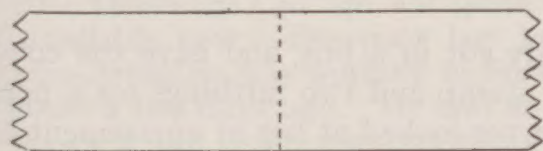


FIG. 4.—STRIP OF FLANNEL.

Place the strip of flannel (Fig. 4) on the ribbon; then double them and stitch neatly to the cardboard (Fig. 5). The head must then be stuck in its place (Fig. 6), and pins and needles arranged in the bits of flannel.

Sometimes in games like "Ludo" and "Snakes and Ladders," the dice or dice-box gets lost. In that case, a top with numbers, which will answer the same purpose, can be made quickly.

First of all, cut a round of cardboard (Fig. 7). Make a hole in the centre, and push a tiny round

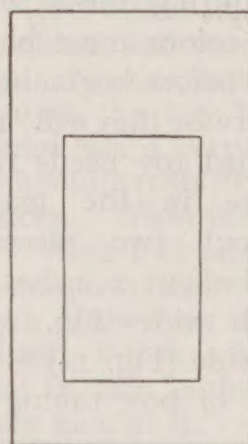


FIG. 5.—THE NEEDLE-BOOK STITCHED TO THE CARDBOARD.



FIG. 6.—THE COMPLETED NEEDLE-BOOK.

piece of wood through the hole. (It must be smooth, and thin enough to pass through the hole of a button mould which is stuck under the top to prevent the

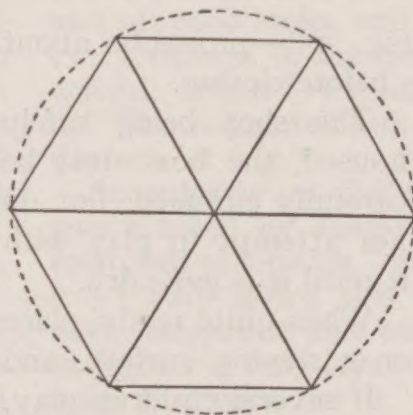


FIG. 7.—HOW TO DRAW THE SIX-SIDED TOP.

The cardboard between the thick outer lines and the dotted circle is cut away.

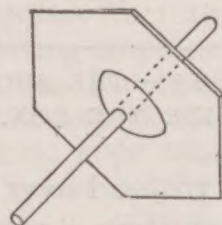


FIG. 8.—THE TOP, SHOWING HOW THE BUTTON MOULD IS STUCK UNDERNEATH.

pivot moving up and down (Fig. 8). Draw neat figures from 1 to 6 in the sections (Fig. 9).

All sorts of tops can be made in a similar way, showing interesting changes of colour when "spun"; for instance, a black star on a yellow background (Fig. 10), or black dots in alternate circles of red and blue (Fig. 11), or thick wavy lines of yellow on a brown background (Fig. 12) will give you some

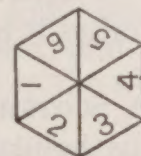


FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.

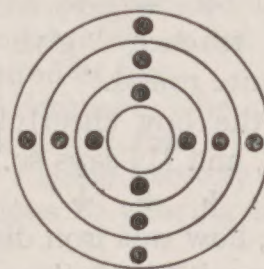


FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

suggestions as to what I mean. But if you try experi-

ments as to form and colour yourselves, you will find it quite a jolly pastime on a wet day. The chief point to be remembered in painting these tops is

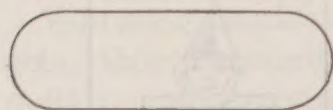


FIG. 13.—SHAPE TO CUT THE TWO PIECES OF CARDBOARD FOR THE SIDES.

that one colour must be perfectly dry before beginning the next, otherwise they will "run."

The third toy needs rather more care in the making. Having cut two pieces of cardboard about 2 inches long by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide (Fig. 13), a

strip of paper about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide (Fig. 14) is then stuck on to them to form a sort of box, taking care

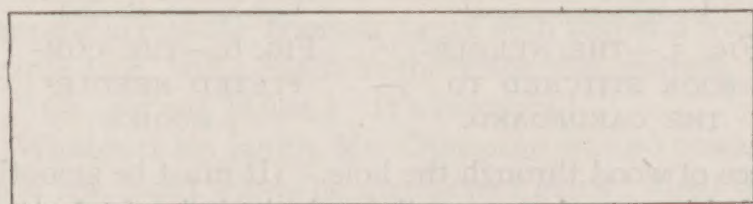


FIG. 14.—PAPER STRIP TO STICK TO THE TWO CARDBOARD SIDES TO FORM THE BOX.

to place a row of shot (Fig. 15)—probably about four will be needed—inside before closing.

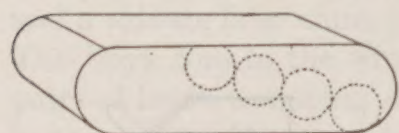


FIG. 15.—THE SHOT INSIDE THE BOX.

The shot being safely housed, the box must be carefully gummed, but do not attempt to play with it until it is quite dry.

When quite ready, place on a sloping surface, and it will go head over heels. If several children play, quite exciting "races" can be "run" with these "magic boxes."

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher. "Charles, why do you spell bank with a large 'B'?"

Charles. "'Cause Pa said a bank was no good unless it had a large Capital."

✦ ✦ ✦

A SCOTSMAN was being questioned by his friends on his holiday in London. "Well," he said, "it was fine, except that I could not sleep very well, for I could not blow out the light; it was in a glass bottle."

Sent in by ERIC KING, c/o Jeanette,
Wimbledon Park Road, Southfields, London, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

"HENRY," said a teacher, "give me three proofs that the world is quite round."

"Yes'm," said the boy cheerfully. "The book says so, you say so, and Ma says so."

✦ ✦ ✦

Master. "Smith, how was iron discovered?"

Smith. "They 'smelt' it sir."

Sent in by MARY BOTT,
Birchfield, Donnington Wood, Newport, Salop.



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



Two men were talking about the respective merits of their wireless sets.

First Man. "Once I was listening in at Manchester, and I got 2 LO so loud that it sounded like thunder even on my crystal."

Second Man. "Pooh! that's nothing! Once I sat on my bedroom window-sill and got Chili."

Sent in by HENRY BUTTON,
48 King Street South, Rochdale,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

Inspector. "Name a man-o'-war."

Boy. "A Cruiser."

Inspector. "What makes it go?"

Boy. "Its screw, sir."

Inspector. "Who are on board her?"

Boy. "Its crew, sir."

Inspector. "You are a smart lad! Where were you born?"

Boy. "Crewe, sir."

Sent in by WINNIE RUEWELL,
Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

"SHALL I sing to you, Mr. Hobson?" asked Miss Gushing, who was very proud of her voice.

"Have you a song with a refrain?" he asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Then please refrain."

✦ ✦ ✦

MOTHER came into the kitchen and found a dozen broken eggs on the floor, and little Michel gazing solemnly at them: "Oh! Mick, what have you done?" she exclaimed.

"Silly balls—won't bounce," said the baby.

Sent in by UNA S. HOWES,
South Hayling, Hants.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN old lady got in a bus, and gave the conductor a halfpenny stamp and two farthings for a penny ride. The conductor looked at her in amazement and said, "Next time you come, madame, do you mind bringing a couple of jam jars?"

Sent in by EDITH BOULTER,
69 Longfield Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

Tom. "I am going away to-morrow."

John. "What time are you going?"

Tom. "On the fifty minutes past twelve train."

John. "You won't catch it."

Tom. "Why?"

John. "Because it will be ten to one if you do."

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

EPISODE VI

IN WILTSHIRE

"YOU can't possibly deny one thing, Ambrose," said Ferguson in the Mount Street flat. "On every single occasion that X., the member of Parliament, has been staying with General Sutters at Valleyfield important, and I am sorry to say accurate, information has leaked out about the sailing of transports from Southampton. It cannot be a chance coincidence."

"Good heavens! man, you can't suspect X.?"

"Of course not. I might as well suspect you. But you know perfectly that not only has X. refused to part with his German chauffeur, but has actually had him naturalized in the last six months. Instead of Braun, he has become Brown, a concession which seems to satisfy some fools. X. always travels to Valleyfield by car, and Brown, the chauffeur, has slept in the General's house three times, and on all three occasions information has leaked out within a week. The thing is as clear as daylight."

"Why not tell General Sutters of your suspicions, and let him refuse to have Brown in the house?"

"My dear Ambrose, suspicion isn't enough. I must have proof. X. has such an absurd belief in his German chauffeur, and won't hear one word against him. Remember that X. and General Sutters are very old friends."

"What do you propose to do?"

"As I have to go to Silchester about that other business, I am taking advantage of General Sutters' invitation to Valleyfield. He is a distant cousin of mine, and I propose staying there two nights, because I happen to know that X. will be stopping there too. I was going to ask you if you would mind lending me your brat."

"Little Davenant? I am not quite sure whether he is available now. The poor boy had a terrible experience when he was working in Sussex with Miss Whitbread a few days ago. He and another lad got shut up in a hut, and were regularly gassed with poison-gas. He telephoned me this morning that he was perfectly well again, and fit for duty. It would have broken most boys' nerves, but it takes a lot to upset little Davenant with his tremendous vitality. You can certainly take him; but what do you want the brat for?"

"I had no idea that he had had such a dangerous experience. You must tell me all about it. You say that Davenant speaks German like a native?"

"He does, and so he ought to, for he lived for four years in Bavaria as a child, and first went to school there."

"He can drive a car, too, I believe. Can one trust so young a boy to drive with reasonable caution?"

"His father was one of the pioneers of motoring in England, and taught the brat to drive at a very early age. No one bothered about driving licences then, though the boy has a licence now. I have always found him a very careful and steady driver; though I should hardly trust him yet with a car in Piccadilly Circus. What idea have you in your head?"

"Well, I thought of putting the boy into livery as a chauffeur, and of telling him to scrape acquaintance with Brown on the chance of his picking up something; but it is hardly fair on the youngster to send him to dine in the servants' hall, and he would probably kick at it."

"That's where you're wrong. I should say it was the sort of thing Towzer would revel in. He loves dressing up and acting a part, and you need not be nervous about any difficulties as to his getting on with people. That little beggar has the most astounding knack of getting on with anybody. Though he is quite unconscious of it, he is a very attractive little fellow, with his intense 'go,' his nice manners, and his good looks, and he will be hand in glove with every servant in the house within ten minutes of his arrival. Shall I ring him up?"

"You might tell him to be at 31 Southwell Street, Chelsea, at five."

Accordingly, at five that afternoon, Mr. Davenant was ushered by Ferguson's elderly factotum into a room full of "heads" and sporting trophies.

"I only heard this afternoon, Davenant, of the very dangerous and unpleasant experience you had in Sussex a few days ago. I do hope that you are none the worse for it. One would hardly associate sleepy Sussex with poison-gas."

"Yes, we fairly got it in the neck. It was rather beastly at the time, and it came on us as a surprise; but I'm perfectly fit again now, and ready for any amount of work. I got very little gas myself; but there was a Bluecoat chap in the hut with me who got a fearful doing. I was in an awful funk that he might go out, but, I tell you, he was jolly plucky about it. However, that is all done with, and I'm as right as rain myself, thanks, and so is the other fellow now."

"I'm very pleased to hear that you both got through it so well. Now, I am not quite sure, Davenant, whether you will care about the job I am going to propose to you. Tell me frankly if you dislike the idea of it."

Ferguson then propounded his scheme, P.J. grinning wider and wider as he began to understand what was required of him.

"Oh! Mr. Ferguson," he cried at length, "this is going to be awful fun. The very best job I've been on yet. I should simply love it."

"No objections to wearing livery and dining with the servants?"

"Of course not. It will be something new. What sort of a car am I to drive?"

"A Government Rolls-Royce."

"Oh! good egg! a Rolls! I was awfully afraid it might be a Ford. If one is to be a chauffeur, one wouldn't care to be seen in a 'flivver.' I shall stick my thumbs in my waistcoat pockets, with my coat thrown back, shove my cap on the back of my head, and stick a fag behind my ear, just like Stevenson, our chauffeur, does. If one pretends to be something, one likes to be 'it.' I'm not sure, Mr. Ferguson, that I know how to clean a Rolls."

"Just do your best; I'm not particular about trifles. Do you mind my calling you 'Towzer'?"

"Rather not. I think it jolly nice of you. I only pretend I mind being called it. You can't call your chauffeur Towzer, though. What am I to be? Please, Mr. Ferguson, I'd sooner not be 'Erb, or Bert, or Sid.'"

"Davenant will hardly do. It's such an unusual name. What's your Christian name?"

"Jack. But don't you think John sounds more chauffeur-y? And I should like a yellow collar to my coat. I had a yellow collar when I was a groom at Bremhill. It looks so smart. And gaiters, please, and blue overalls."

"You shall have them. We will go round to the outfitter's now. By the way, your clothes are rather too smart for a motor-boy's, and you must call me 'sir' in the shop, remember."

"Of course I will, and I'll go on touching my hat till I make dents in the brim. I'm looking forward awfully to this job."

The motor outfitter succeeded in finding a small suit of livery which could be cut down to Mr. Davenant's slender proportions in twenty-four hours, and the stipulated yellow collar was ordered to be attached to it. P.J.'s high spirits rather got the better of him, and though he plastered Ferguson with 'sirs,' he also winked and made faces each time that he used this respectful form of address.

"You really must be more serious, Towzer," expostulated Ferguson as they walked home together. "You nearly made me laugh with those comical faces you pulled. Are you never in low spirits?"

"Very seldom, and I get so bucked at all this Secret Service work, and at pretending to be different people. There's no one looking, Mr. Ferguson. I'll race you to that tree there. I'll bet anything that you have never raced your chauffeur before."

"What a kid it is! Be serious, Towzer, and realize your responsibilities as a Secret Service man. This isn't a game, you know."

"So Mr. Ambrose is always telling me, but I can't help it; it is to me."

"You will go and try on your livery to-morrow, and the day after come round to my house at nine o'clock with clothes for four days. You needn't always wear livery, you know; but the plain clothes mustn't be too smart."

"No fear of that with mine. I'm always so unlucky with my clothes. They *will* get acid, and oil, and burns all over them."

Ferguson then gave his temporary assistant a full outline of the case, and told him what he expected of him.

Two days later P.J. appeared at 31 Southwell

Street well ahead of his time, and impatiently tore open the parcel from the outfitter. When fully arrayed in his chauffeur's livery, he could hardly restrain his spirits, and mounted a chair in front of the dressing-glass in order to obtain a better view of his slim, gaitered legs.

"Neat, devilish neat, I must say," he ejaculated. "It's the yellow collar and the bulging breeches do it. Nobody would know I wasn't a real chauffeur."

He swaggered into the dining-room. "Look at me, Mr. Ferguson. Don't I look 'it'? I'm going to bag one of your fags to stick behind my ear."

"Now, Towzer, does a real chauffeur come into his master's dining-room with his cap on and his hands in his breeches pockets? You must be more careful about details. A real chauffeur doesn't bag his master's fags openly either."

"I'll do it all right before people," asserted P.J. With a careful imitation of Alf, the Beechfield garden-boy, he added, with a touch at his cap, "At what o'clock was you wanting the car raound, sir?"

Certainly nothing could have been more professional than "John's" demeanour as he placed the luggage in the car, and when Ferguson observed, "I shall take the wheel till we are clear of London, John," John touched his cap and asked respectfully, "Shall I swing her, sir?" as he laid hold of the crank, delighted to see that he was playing to a small gallery of interested juvenile spectators.

Kingston-on-Thames once passed, Ferguson handed over the wheel to P.J.

"No rash driving, mind, and keep to your proper side going round corners. I have some other business which will keep me two hours in Tadchester, after which we go on to Silchester. I want you to get on friendly terms with Brown, the naturalized German, if you can, though you need not inform him that you speak German as easily as English."

"Mr. Ferguson!" cried P.J. indignantly, "this isn't my first police job by a long way. It will be rather sport swanking about the streets in Tadchester in this kit, and I shall buy some 'gaspers.' I don't care much for them; but, of course, a chauffeur has simply got to have a 'gasper' in his mouth. It is such fun being other people; and, after all, one has got all the rest of one's life to be oneself in."

Just outside a famous hostelry in the ancient Hampshire city of Tadchester they passed a large open car.

"Hullo, Ferguson!" cried its occupant. "I hear we are to meet at Valleyfield on Friday. This Red Cross work keeps me very busy. I go on to Silchester this evening."

"Yes, my cousin, Tom Sutters, told me that you would be staying there;" and in a low voice Ferguson added to P.J., "That is Mr. X., and the driver is the man we are after. Take a good look at him."

P.J. noted that Brown was a sallow-complexioned man with bloated, coarse features. The chauffeur's whole appearance somehow suggested the rank smell of stale spirits.

"Did you succeed in making Brown's acquaint-

ance?" asked Ferguson some three hours later, as they were rolling towards Silchester.

"Yes, in a way. We dined at the same table, but he is hardly the sort of chap I should make a pal of. There was an awfully decent young fellow there called Taylor. He's Lady Selworth's chauffeur, and he's only two years older than me. They are going to Silchester too. By the way, Brown knows who you are. I told him that I didn't know anything about you, and that I had only been with you for two days, which is perfectly true."

Tadchester and Silchester do not lie far apart, and soon the lofty spire of Silchester Cathedral was cutting the sky-line with its superlatively graceful outline. In the hotel garage P.J. found his new acquaintance young Taylor, and with his peculiar knack of making rapid friendships he soon found himself on the easiest of terms with this pleasant-faced, fresh-complexioned youngster. A bond of union was their common enthusiasm about football. Taylor, however, as a South-countryman, and with secret yearnings to blossom some day into a professional footballer, was convinced that Soccer was the only game worth playing, or worth looking on at, a misguided view from which P.J., the devotee of Rugger, endeavoured ineffectually to wean him. They strolled together through the streets of Silchester arguing hotly, Mr. Davenant taking advantage of every shop mirror to admire his own yellow collar, his slender gaitered legs, and the angle at which, in imitation of Taylor, he was holding his 'gasper' in his mouth, though he was somewhat uneasy as to the effects these unaccustomed gaspers might have on him.

After supper the two went off to the "pictures," and they were leaning against the garage wall still hotly discussing the relative merits of Soccer and Rugger when Brown, the lately naturalized chauffeur, reeled into view under the lamplight.

He was obviously very drunk indeed, and was forced to hold on to the wall to steady himself. After one or two ineffectual attempts at climbing the stairs leading to the bedrooms over the garage, he called thickly to the two youngsters to help him up to his room.

"Ain't got no use for that sort of bloke," said young Taylor, in disgust. "You just let the drunken swine be, John."

The quick-witted P.J. at once saw that this might be an opportunity full of possibilities, and persuaded his new friend to change his mind. Together they half-pushed, half-carried Brown up the stairs, and deposited him, an inert mass, on his bed.

"You're too soft-earted, John, that's what it is," expostulated Taylor. "I'd 'ave left the swine to sleep in the gutter. I'm off. I've 'ad enough of 'im!"

Left alone with Brown, P.J. shut the door, and put into execution a scheme which had only come into his head two minutes before.

"Shall I open the window?" he asked in German.

The alcohol seemed to have affected Brown's limbs rather than his head, for he answered distinctly enough in the same language,—

"No, it will make a draught, and I hate draughts."

"Would you like some water?" continued P.J. in German.

"Yes." Then, as his befogged brain began to realize that he was speaking in his native tongue, he sat up and stared hard at P.J. "Why do you speak to me in *Deutsch*, and how is it that you speak *Deutsch* so well? You must also be a German."

"Yes, a Bavarian," lied P.J. unblushingly.

"Where from?"

"Hohenthal in the Fichtel Gebirge; but we lived too in Bischofsgrün, and at Neuenmarkt-Wirsberg," answered P.J. quite truthfully this time.

Brown, still suspicious, plied him with further questions in German, and P.J., with a sudden inspiration, remembered how as a child he had been reproved for using certain South-German and Bavarian provincialisms, which he had picked up from his schoolfellows at Bischofsgrün. He now intentionally introduced some of these forbidden expressions into his answers to Brown's questions. Brown laughed.

"Yes, after using that word, there is no doubt that you are a Bavarian. Bavarians speak bad German. All Bavarians are fools. So you are a fool too, probably. I am a Berliner. Only we Prussians have brains. We Prussians order, you Bavarians obey. That is but right. What are you, a *dummer Junge* (a stupid boy), doing here?"

"I was told to come."

"Who by?"

Mr. Davenant drew a bow at a venture, and looking up at the ceiling he muttered the one word "Krause."

"And your English master is a police over-official."

"Perhaps."

Brown chuckled. "That also is clever of Krause. Where is Krause now?"

"How should I know?" though to himself he added, "I jolly well do know all the same. He's in the Tower of London."

"You go to General Sutters at Valleyfield tomorrow. Did you intend to do work there?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I order you not to—I order you, do you hear? I shall be there on Friday, and you are to do nothing at all till I come. A stupid boy like you cannot be a good locksmith. I am the cleverest locksmith in Germany, perhaps in the whole world. No lock can resist me. You are to wait for me till Friday. Remember, Krause never forgives bungling. Now go."

P.J. turned out the light, and left Brown lying fully dressed outside his bed. He left very pleased with himself, for his daring plan had succeeded beyond his wildest expectations.

Early next morning, a blue-overalled youth was grappling most ineffectually with a Rolls-Royce car. He had succeeded in covering his overalls, his face, and his hands with dirt, but seemed unable to effect any improvement in the appearance of the car. His new friend, Dick Taylor, also in blue overalls,

strolled into the garage and looked on at his efforts with amusement.

"Not making much of a fist at it, are you, John? Aren't you new to the job? Now, 'ow long have you been at it?"

"I am new to it, Dick," answered P.J. truthfully. "This is my first place, and I only started on it yesterday."

"See, I'll lend you a 'and, and we'll do up that old Rolls-Royce a fair treat in two-tuos. The beginning is a bit 'ard, ain't it? Now it ain't no good your hosing them wire-wheels. You just take a brush and clean the spokes. Like this, see? Now, wash the body with the hose, sponge it down, and wipe dry with the leather. Yes, that's your style. Now, 'ave you thought of starting your engine? It's easy to see that you ain't a trained mechanic, old top. Start 'er up. 'Ullo! one cylinder is missing; now we'll find out which one it is. See 'ere; I lay the metal blade of my screw-driver against the metal of the water-jacket, taking care to 'old it by the wooden 'andle, it being a non-conductor. Then I touches the terminal of No. 1 cylinder plug with the 'andle end of the blade, making a short-circuit, see? You've got to be careful, or you'll get a shock when the engine is running that'll fairly make you sit up. Engine is missing more than before; there's no current going through No. 1 now, so before I short-circuited it, it must 'ave been all right. Cylinder No. 1 is top-'ole; likewise No. 2. Now, when I short-circuit No. 3 the engine ain't missing any more than before, so there's something wrong 'ere. We stops the engine, and takes off the lead—now you can swing 'er again; then we 'olds the terminal of the lead about one-eighth of an inch from the metal of the water-jacket to see if there is a spark. There is a spark, so the high-tension lead is all right, and it must be the sparking-plug that's wrong. We stops the engine again, and undoes the terminal nut; then we unships the sparking-plug with this old spanner. Just as I thought; the sparking-points are carboned up and covered with oil. We gets it off with a drop of petrol, like this, and just puts the sparking-plug back. Now start 'er up again. Running something lovely she is now. You've got a bit to learn yet, John. Now, all your six cylinders are right. Let's get to work with the leather. Don't she look a perfect picture? I told you that we'd do 'er up a fair treat. Take a look at my second car; not the big Daimler, the little two-seater Straker-Squire. That's 'er ladyship's pet. I tell you that little beggar can fairly go. We ain't got a garage at the 'ouse 'er ladyship 'as taken."

"I call that most awfully decent of you, Dick, helping me like that," declared P.J. "I could never have done it alone, but now I shall know another time. You are a real good chap! It ain't so frightfully difficult when you know what to do. I call that a jolly ingenious dodge of finding out which cylinder is missing. It *was* good of you."

"That's all right, old bean," replied the ruddy-faced Taylor, good-naturedly. "You're only a kid, but I've kind of took a fancy to you, though you was

talking awful tosh last night about Rugger. What can you expect of a game where the ball ain't even round? If you only want a rough-and-tumble—well, I'll give you Rugger. If you want to see play—mind you, I said play—there's only Soccer. Show me something to beat a game between the Arsenal and the 'Spurs—well, you can't, and there's the end of it. Remember," added Taylor, never doubting but that P.J. shared his own secret aspirations of developing ultimately into a professional footballer, "that if you was thinking of becoming a Rugger pro, John, you've only the Northern Union, and you'd 'ave to grow a bit first, and then go and live in Yorkshire. Now just to show there's no ill-feeling, we'll go outside and 'ave a fag."

P.J., with some slight misgivings as to the effect a "gasper" before breakfast might produce on his unaccustomed interior, accompanied Taylor outside, and leant against a wall in a careful imitation of his new friend's attitude. It was distinctly a chauffeur-like thing to do. As three or four little street urchins had collected to gape enviously at these fortunate blue-overalled youths, whose happy lot it was to tend and control sleek masses of steel, brass, and nickel, which tore like wild things across the country, P.J. rose to the occasion, conquered his doubts, and blew smoke down his nostrils as valiantly as though he were used to doing it every morning of his life. A clock struck.

"By George! I must wash and clean myself. I've got to see my guv'nor at the hotel before breakfast. I do hope that I shall knock up against you again somewhere, Dick."

"Not very likely, old thing. Turned eighteen; time I joined up and was in France. 'Trained mechanic. Careful driver. Experienced. Total abstainer. Single. Apply R. Taylor, 192 Tamar Street, Devonport,'" quoted Mr. Taylor from the advertisement in which he was wont to offer his services to the motor world. "That's me, and M.T., mechanical transport, is my job in France."

At the hotel P.J. was directed to Ferguson's room, which he entered cap in hand.

"Good business, Mr. Ferguson! I've a lot to tell you," and he proceeded to give a detailed account of the events of the night before. "Brown can't have been so very tight, because he spotted my Bavarian accent in speaking German at once. That made things much easier, so I talked 'Baierisch'—that means Bavarian—all I knew. You understand—clipping words, and sticking in 'I's' and all that."

"No, I don't understand, but I'll take your word for it. That was very well done, Towzer. So the upshot is that on Friday night Brown, the skilled locksmith, will pick the locks in the General's office at Valleyfield. Very well, then; on Friday night we will be ready for him. Valleyfield is only three miles from here, and I shall not start before half-past five. If I were you, I should slip into plain clothes now. Come to the 'Gold Fish' tea-rooms in Market Street at half-past four, for it might look odd for me to have tea with my chauffeur here."

(To be continued.)

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Careless Hedgehogs

ONCE upon a time, Hoo, the white owl, found a baby elf cuddled up in his nest.

"Tu-whit!" he said, most astonished. "Who are you, and where have you come from?"

The baby elf stared at him, but didn't answer a word.

Hoo perched on the side of his nest, and wondered what he should do with the queer little creature.

"I'll go and ask my friend Prickles," he said at last. "He is wise, and will be able to tell me."

Off he flew.

Prickles, the hedgehog, was awake, just outside his house.

"Good-evening," said Hoo politely.

"Good - evening," answered Prickles. "I hope you are well. What have you come to see me for?"

"In my nest there is a queer little elf thing, that will not speak a word," explained Hoo. "What am I to do with it?"

"A little elf thing!" said Prickles, sitting up quickly. "What is it like?"

"It is small, with yellow wings," answered Hoo.

"Have you seen the notice that the King of Fairyland has put up everywhere?" asked Prickles excitedly.

"No," said Hoo.

"Come and I'll show it to you," said Prickles, scuttling off, with Hoo hurrying after him.

Presently they came to a tall foxglove. Hung on it was a notice which said:—

"LOST FROM DREAMLAND

A LITTLE ELF BABY WITH YELLOW WINGS. ANY ONE FINDING IT WILL HAVE A GREAT REWARD.

PLEASE TELL THE KING OF FAIRYLAND."

"There!" said Prickles. "You must have found the lost baby elf."

"But how could it have got into my nest?" asked Hoo, very puzzled.

"Don't bother about *that*!" answered Prickles. "Go and tell the King!"

"Will you take care of it while I'm gone?" asked Hoo.

"Yes," said Prickles. "I'll get all the fairy hedgehogs I know to look after it."

So Hoo flew down to the hedgehogs, carrying the elf baby gently.

"Now look after it carefully," he said, flying off to the King's palace.

All the fairy hedgehogs sat down in a ring, and looked at the baby. It lay in the middle of them and laughed and kicked.

"I think perhaps the bad gnomes stole it," said Prickles. "They are enemies to the people of Dreamland."

Whenever any one came near the baby the hedgehogs stiffened all their prickles, and made the very worst noise they could.

"Here comes Hoo!" cried Prickles at last, as Hoo perched on the tree above him.

"It is the lost baby," he cried, "and the King of Dreamland is coming to fetch it in two days. Our King says you must take great care of it till then."

"Very well," said Prickles.

"And," said Hoo, flying off, "you must see the bad gnomes don't come for it again."

So all that day the hedgehogs watched the elf baby. Prickles fetched it honey from the heather and dew from the grasses. All

through the night the fairy hedgehogs watched, and next day Prickles said,—

“ I’m going to fetch a special dew from the red blackberry leaves. Be very careful while I am gone,” and off he went.

Then one of the hedgehogs stretched itself.

“ I’m so tired of watching,” he said, “ I’m going off for a little walk.”

He ran off through the grass, but in a minute he came back looking very excited.

“ Come quickly ! ” he cried ; “ there is a fairy dance by the foxgloves, and if we’re quick we can all go and hear the music.”

The hedgehogs thought that would be lovely.

“ We’ll go to the dance till Prickles comes back ! ” they cried ; “ he’ll never know.”

Off they scampered as hard as ever they could, and were soon having a glorious time.

The little elf baby, finding there was nobody to stop it, crawled away by itself, and fell fast asleep under a mushroom.

Suddenly there was a great fluttering of wings, and down flew the King of Dreamland and the King of Fairyland : they had come to fetch the lost elf baby. At the same moment up came Prickles too, with his blackberry dew for the baby.

“ Where is the baby ? ” cried the King of Dreamland.

“ I don’t know,” answered Prickles, looking astonished. “ It was here when I left, guarded by lots of fairy hedgehogs. Now they’re all gone ! ”

At that moment back came all the hedgehogs from the dance. They looked very frightened when they saw the baby was gone and the two Kings had come.

“ How *dare* you disobey my orders ? ” said the King of Fairyland to the trembling hedgehogs. “ Now the baby has gone, and perhaps the bad gnomes have stolen it away again ! ”

“ Please, we’re very sorry,” said the hedgehogs.

“ That doesn’t help matters,” said the Dreamland King angrily.

“ I shall have to punish you,” said the Fairy King, “ you haven’t been good hedgehogs, so perhaps you will be good if I change you into something else ! ”

He waved his wand. In a minute all the fairy hedgehogs found themselves climbing up a big chestnut tree.

The King waved his wand again. The hedgehogs climbed along the branches, turned green, and sat quite still.

“ There ! ” said the King ; “ now perhaps they will keep the baby chestnuts from harm until they’re ripe. Now, Prickles, hunt around until you find the elf baby.”

Of course Prickles found him under the mushroom very quickly, and brought him back to the King of Dreamland.

But Prickles is very lonely now without the other hedgehogs. They never come down to play with him, because they are so busy looking after the baby chestnuts, and they are much more careful of them than they were of the little elf baby.

And if you look at a chestnut tree in Autumn, you’ll see what the King changed the hedgehogs into—and you’ll find they’re still very prickly !

Mottoes for November

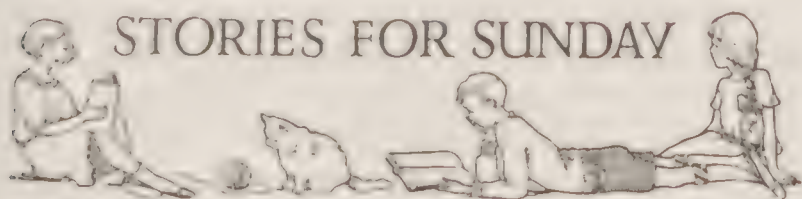
Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues that the idle will never know. C. KINGSLEY.

Sent in by MAUREEN MORRISON,
48 Albert Terrace, Coleraine,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Let us take our hats off to the Past, but our coats off to the Future.

AN AUSTRALIAN SCOUT-MASTER.

Sent in by HENRY BUTTON,
48 King Street South, Rochdale,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



Saint Augustine of Hippo

THE story of the life of Saint Augustine is different from almost every other saint story, because it is taken from his own words and not from what has been said about him. He wrote a wonderful book called *The Confessions of Saint Augustine*, and in it we find all that he thought and did from the time he was a little child.

Augustine was born in 354 in the northern part of Africa, which then belonged to Rome, and was one of the richest countries in the world. His mother, Monica, was a Christian, but all her prayers and loving care could not keep her son from evil ways. He is often called the prodigal saint, because he wandered very far astray for many years into that far country of the youngest son in the parable; living in the midst of the sins and evil pleasures of the world, until he learned to say, "I will arise and go to my father."

And so Augustine's story comforts and helps us when we feel how easy it is to do wrong, and how we fail every day to do the good things we meant to do. There are so few days we can mark with a white stone because we have really tried to be good, and so many days we are glad to forget because of the black cross that stands against them. And yet who knows but if we fight on to the end we too may be saints, as Augustine was, for he won his crown through many failures.

The story, in Augustine's own words, begins from the time when he was a very little baby, not from what he remembers, but from what he had learned as he watched other babies in whom he saw a picture of himself.

First of all Augustine tells of the tiny baby who does nothing but sleep and eat and cry. Then the baby begins to laugh a little when he is awake, and very soon shows clearly his likes and dislikes, and kicks and beats with his little hands when he does not get exactly what he wants. Then comes the time of learning to speak and walk.

After that Augustine begins really to remember things about himself. For who could ever forget the trial of first going to school? Oh, how Augustine hated it, and how hard it seemed to him! The lessons were so difficult and the masters were so strict, and he loved play so much better than work, and when he went back to school with lessons unlearned and

work undone, the result was, of course, that he was whipped. It did seem so unjust to him, for he could not see the use of lessons, and the whippings were so sore. And in his book he tells us how it made him say his first prayer to God—"I used to ask Thee, though a very little boy, yet with no little earnestness, that I might not be whipped at school."

Augustine could not see the reason why he should be forced to stay indoors and learn dull, wearisome lessons, when he might be playing in the sunshine and learning new games, which seemed so much more worth knowing. How those games delighted him! He was always eager to be first, to win the victory and to be ahead of every one else. But then followed the whipping at school, and the little sore body crept away and sobbed out the prayer from his little sore soul.

He did not understand how it could all be meant for his good. We never quite understand that till we have left school far behind.

I wonder, if we all wrote down just exactly what we felt and did when we were little children, whether we would have as many things to confess as Augustine had? There are some faults which no one is very much ashamed to own because they don't seem small and mean and pitiful. But who would like to confess to being greedy and stealing sweet things from the table when no one was looking? Who would care to own that he cheated at games, caring only to come out first whether he had played fairly or not? Yet this great saint tells us he remembers doing all these mean things, and looks back upon them with great sorrow. He warns other little children to kill these faults at the very beginning, for he knows how strong they grow and how difficult to conquer when the mean child grows into a man whom no one can trust.

As time went on and he grew to be a big boy he went further and further astray. When he was little he stole things to eat because he was greedy or because he wanted to bribe other little boys to sell him their toys; but now that he was older it was out of mere pride and boastfulness that he took what did not belong to him. He thought it grand and manly to show off to other boys how little he cared about doing wrong.

Augustine tells us that in a garden near his house there was a pear-tree covered with pears neither sweet nor large. But just because it belonged to some one else, and he thought it fun to steal, he and his companions went out one dark night and robbed the tree of all its fruit. They did not care to eat the pears, and after tasting one or two threw all the rest to the pigs. There was no particular pleasure in this, he allows, and he would never have done it alone; but

he wanted the other boys to admire him and to think he was afraid of nothing.

And so years went on and Augustine grew up into manhood, and it seemed as if his evil ways would break his mother's heart. Through all his sin and foolishness she loved him and prayed for him; but he paid no heed to her, and wandered farther away into that far country, wasting all he had in living wildly and forgetting the God he had prayed to when a child.

One day when Monica was weeping over this wandering son of hers and praying for him with all her heart, God sent a comforting dream to her which she never forgot. She thought she saw herself standing on a narrow wooden plank, and towards her there came a shining angel, who smiled upon her as she stood there worn out with sorrow and weeping.

"Why art thou so sad, and wherefore dost thou weep these daily tears?" asked the angel.

"I weep over the ruin of my son," answered the poor mother.

Then the angel bade her cease from grieving, and told her to look and see that on the same narrow plank of salvation where she stood Augustine stood beside her.

His mother told Augustine of this dream, and though he only laughed at it, it seemed to sink into his heart and he remembered it many years after. And to Monica it came as a breath of hope, and comforted her through many dark days. For she was sure that God had sent this dream to tell her that in the end she and her son would stand together in His presence.

But though Monica believed this she never ceased to do all that was in her power to help Augustine. And once she went to a learned bishop and begged him to talk to Augustine and try what he could do. But the bishop was a wise man and knew that by speaking he would do more harm than good, for Augustine was proud of his unbelief and had no longing in himself for better things. But Monica did not see this, and could only implore the bishop to try, until the good man grew vexed with her and said at last, "I cannot help thee, but go thy way in peace. A son of such tears cannot perish."

And these words comforted Monica, and made her sure that in the end all would be right.

The good bishop spoke truly, for after many years had passed Augustine began to be weary of his own way. He longed to turn his face homeward, but now he had lost the way.

At last one day he felt he could bear the burden of his evil life no longer. His sins felt like a heavy chain dragging him down in the darkness, and there was no light to show him which way to turn. Taking

a roll of the scriptures he wandered out into the garden, and there, as he wept, he heard a voice close by chanting over and over again, "Take, read." He thought it must be some game that children were playing, but he could remember none that had those words in it. And then he thought perhaps this was a voice from heaven in answer to his prayer.

Eagerly he took the holy writings in his hand and opened them to read, and there he found words telling him what sort of life he should lead. In a moment it all seemed clear to him. His Father was waiting to receive and pardon him; so he arose and left the far country and all his evil habits.

And then he tells how he went straight to his mother—and told her like a little child how sorry he was at last.

Then, indeed, was Monica's mourning turned into joy. And so at her life's end she and her son sat hand in hand, both looking up towards the dawning heaven; he with eyes ashamed but full of hope, and she with tears all washed away, and eyes that shone with more than earthly joy.

When his mother at last died Augustine did not grieve, for he knew the parting was not for long. All that was left for him to do now was to strive to make good those years he had wasted, and be more fit to meet her when God should call him home.

And so it came to pass that this great sinner became one of God's saints. He was made Bishop of Hippo, and was one of the most famous bishops the world has ever known.

There is one legend told of Augustine which has comforted many hearts when puzzling questions have arisen.

They say that once when this great father of the Church was walking along by the seashore, troubled and perplexed because he could not understand many things about God, he came upon a little child playing there alone. The child had dug a hole in the sand, and was carefully filling it with water which he brought from the sea in a spoon. The bishop stopped and watched him for a while, and then he asked,—

"What art thou doing, my child?"

"I mean to empty the sea into this hole," said the child, going backwards and forwards with his spoon.

"But that is impossible!" said the bishop.

"Not more impossible than that thy human mind should understand the mind of God," said the child, gazing upwards at him with grave, sweet eyes.

And before the bishop could answer the child had vanished, and the saint knew that God had sent him as a rebuke for his trying to understand the things that only God could know.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.
2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.
3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.
4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.
5. No answers received later than **November 22** will be considered.
[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for November

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an essay on "Being Cheerful."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a scene in a farmyard, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

TELEGRAM COMPETITION

Compose a telegram making the initial letters of the words of your message form the word CONSTANTINOPLE, e.g., Charles ordered north. Send trunk and notes to Inverness nine o'clock passenger luggage express.

For Children under Twelve only

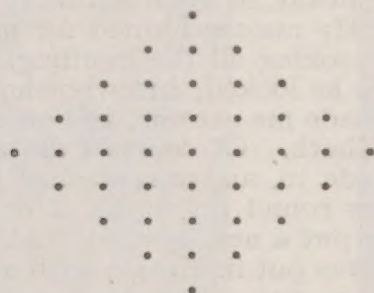
COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Study the picture on this page, then make up a little story from it.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a pen and an ink-bottle, and colour it with water-colour or chalks.

DIAMOND PUZZLE



1. Contained in the word "menagerie."
2. An Australian bird.
3. A town in England.
4. A gate.
5. Precious stones.
6. A rope used on board ship.
7. One of the fine arts.
8. Devoured.
9. Found in the word "Switzerland."

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to an uncle (or aunt) in India, thanking him (or her) for a present which has been sent to you.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a chrysanthemum, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.



"THE LAST MATCH."

Prize List for September

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—William McGeachie, Rosebank, Appin, Argyllshire. Victor Ballantine, Master's House, The Union, Derry. Eliza Valentine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Hilda Shaw, Greenland Cottage, Larne.

Honourable Mention.—Ernest Mottershead, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Anne Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Annie Bashford, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Doreen Buss, Midhurst; James Bloor, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Ronald Coleman, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey;

Ronnie Greenwood, Worsthorpe Council School, Burnley;
Winifred Allcock, Leeds.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Douglas Bywater, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. W. Hewson, The Southfield School, London, S.W.18. Charles Davies, 53 Harrison Road, Adlington. William Richards, St. James's School, Taunton.

Honourable Mention.—Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Isabel Dearling, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Beth Hubbard, Hampstead, N.W.3; Gladys L. Corbyn, Lowestoft; Barbara Underhill, Chesham Bois; Gladys Marchant, Gillingham; Walter Bowdler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

(The distance must have been sixty miles. If Sir Edwyn left at noon and rode fifteen miles an hour, he would arrive at four o'clock—an hour too soon. If he rode ten miles an hour, he would arrive at six o'clock—an hour too late. But if he went at twelve miles an hour, he would reach the castle of the wicked baron exactly at five o'clock—the time appointed.)

Prize-Winners.—Tom Semple, Mossfield House, Galony, Strabane, Co. Tyrone. Ewing Hedges, 31 Linom Road, Clapham, London.

Honourable Mention.—Henry Button, 48 King Street South, Rochdale; William J. Ashford and Neville Sanderson, The Southfield School, S.W.18; R. Barley, Stockwell, London; Jeanie Evelyn McKeeman, Aghadowey, Co. Derry; T. P. Cradock, School House, Goldsboro'; Elsie Sturman, Walthamstow; Ralph Wilcock, Burnley.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).



A black-and-white reproduction of the coloured drawing sent in by Douglas Bywater, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey, to whom a book prize has been awarded.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Ruth Hosier, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Ronald Coleman, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Irene C. Jell, The Southfield School, London S.W.18.

Honourable Mention.—Frances Muckleston, Fulham, S.W.6; Violet Lakex, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Leslie Popham, St George's Boys' School, Wallasey; E. Smith, The Southfield School, S.W.18.

HIDDEN NAMES

[The answers are as follows :—*Bacon ; Butler ; Carlyle ; Lamb ; Pope ; Steele ; Burns ; Borrow ; Dunbar (or Lady Nairn) ; Spenser ; Bunyan ; Swift.*]

Prize-Winners.—Neville Sanderson, The Southfield School, London, S.W.18. Frank Barton, 2 Scowcroft Street, Hindley Green, Wigan.

Honourable Mention.—Kenneth W. Smith, Copredy, Banbury; Matthew Stevenson, Chapelhall; Sheila Park, Bo'ness; Ronald Coleman, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Eileen Ashford, Southfields, S.W.18; Tom Carmichael, Paisley.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Jeanie Dorman, Carricknacesna, Saintfield, Co. Down. Dennis Dunn, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Beth Hubbard, Hampstead, N.W.3; Rex Hancock, Rubery, Birmingham; Gordon George, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Eric Winter, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Robert Irving, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Percy Edwards, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Dorothy Ticehurst, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Frederick Seabourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Lindsay Bowman, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey.

Honourable Mention.—Peter Gick, Southfields, S.W.18; Nora Hambly, Walthamstow; Doris Searle and Edna Lenham, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Winnie F. Reeves, The Southfield School, S.W.18.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Jean Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Maclachlan, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Jeanie Dorman, Saintfield, Co. Down.

A Prize Essay

THE DOG SHOW

100 Portland Road, Worthing,
Sept. 11, 1924.

DEAR VIC,—Last Friday night my master was reading the paper, when he said to my mistress, "I think I shall put Tim in this dog show on Saturday." Well, I knew what dog shows meant, so when Saturday morning came I was missing. My master hunted for me all over the place, and after looking all the morning, he thought of the dust-bin. In he looked, and who should he see but little me! He made me get out, and ordered the maids to get ready the bath. Of course I did not want to go in, but I was made to, and was washed nice and clean again, with a bow round my neck. I don't know how many times they put a new bow on. At last we got to the show, and I was put in a cage, with a lot more dogs around me. There was a bull-dog over the way, and we began barking at one another. We made such a din that our owners had to come and stop us. Then a woman came and hung a card on my cage, and a lot of people came and said, "What a handsome doggy!" When it was over, my master told me I had won a cup. What a thing to get! I would have liked a bone much better.

TIM.

Sent in by RUTH HOSIER (aged 11),
Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.



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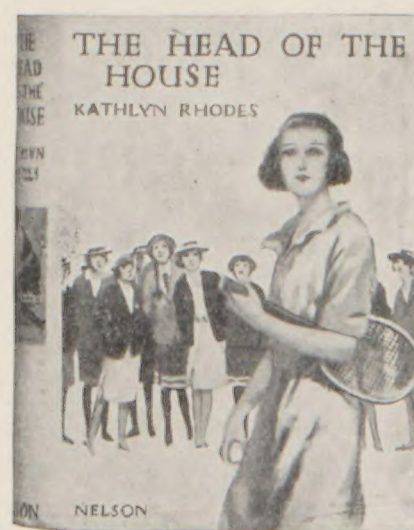
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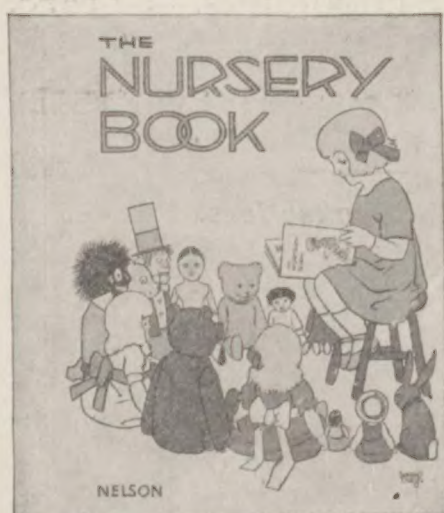
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CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

[Nov.]

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

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